The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 23. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1870.—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NUMBER. 221.

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SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

AGENTS WANTED.

HELP WANTED—FEMALES.

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BOARD WANTED.

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The Montana Indian War-Claim Swindle.

Position of the President on Vacant Judgeship in Supreme Court.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

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TREASURY DECISION.

VIRGINIA POLITICS.

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THE WEST.

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Remarkable Article from the Irvitta Cattolica of Rome.

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Venezuela.

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SPRINGFIELD.

The Progress Which the Convention has Made.

The Canal Question Considered Settled.

Minority Representation Report.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 5.

THE SITUATION.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

RAILROADS.

CANAL QUESTION.

AMENDMENT.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

NEW YORK.

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS.

Important Meeting—Adoption of Stringent Resolutions.

COOK, COBURN & CO.

COAL AND WOOD.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF COAL.

We will sell, for the ensuing week, Hocking Valley Coal—much superior to any other Coal of that name in this market—for $5.80 per ton, delivered to places within fifteen blocks of either of our Yards. Will sell to private families Pittsburgh, and Coal of that grade commonly sold under the name of "Youghiogheny," $2.00 PER TON LESS than the retail prices which Coal of this kind has been commanding for the past two years. Will contract with manufacturers and large consumers for Pittsburgh Coal, in any quantity, for $1.85 per ton, delivered in cars at mines. Having connections with Eastern mines that enable us to place 40 car loads Coal per day in this market, can fill large contracts with promptness and certainty.

W. P. REND & CO.

Yards situated between May, Ann, Carroll and Kinzie-sts, and cor. Kinzie and Peoria-sts.

STINCHFIELD BROS., Successors to L. Morgan.

SAPOLIO

DENTISTRY.

GREAT REDUCTION In Dental Fees.

J. WARD ELLIS, DENTIST, No. 68 Washington-st.

VITALIZED AIR.

PRICES FOR DENTISTRY.

WANTED.

WANTED.

SITUATION WANTED

TO RENT.

To Rent—Very Cheap!

TO RENT.

FURS.

LADIES' FADED MINK FURS

J. H. MENCKELL.

DRY GOODS.

FOURTH WEEK OF THE GREAT DRY GOODS SALE AT Carson, Pirie & Co.'s RETAIL STORE, 118 & 120 State-st.

Still Further Concessions and Sacrifices.

The Golden Opportunity for Purchasers.

The sale on Monday more especially devoted to Cottons, Linens, Housekeeping Goods and DRESS GOODS. Call and see how goods are being sold.

DOLLAR SALE.

ONE HUNDRED DOZEN Linen Dinner Napkins AT ONE DOLLAR A WHOLE DOZEN, AT STEIN'S ONE DOLLAR STORE, 83 South Clark-st.

Five Hundred Ready-made Twilled BALMORAL SKIRTS, Embroidered, sold at ONE DOLLAR APIECE. These Skirts are worth Two Dollars apiece.

FIVE HUNDRED DOZEN STOCKINGS, At One Dollar a Dozen, at the "CITY OF PARIS" One Dollar Store.

Five Thousand Pounds of the celebrated BASKET TEA, imported direct from Foo-Chow-Foo, China, just received at the CITY OF PARIS DOLLAR STORE, 83 South Clark-st. Be sure to call soon, as there is a great rush for the above Goods.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR Chicago Real Estate, ONE OF THE Finest Stock Farms in Wisconsin.

CLARKE, LAYTON & CO., No. 128 Washington-st., Chicago.

LOTS For Laboring Men.

For Sale on Long Time and in Good Locations.

FOR SALE.

One of the most home-like residences is offered for sale, south of Twenty-second-st., with brick buildings, heavy shade trees, large lot highly cultivated. Will be sold cheap for cash, or part real estate. Such property is seldom offered for sale. See advertisement of "Owner."

CANAL-ST. LOT For Sale Cheap.

SOUTHERN LANDS.

NEW MUSIC.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

INSTRUCTION.

NORTH SIDE SCHOOL,

THE SKATING SEASON.

WEST SIDE RINK

LAUNDRY.

OPERA HOUSE LAUNDRY

Court Place, rear of Opera House.

PROFESSIONAL.

CANCER.

DRY GOODS.

HOTCHKIN, PALMER & CO., 91 STATE-ST.,

Preparatory to Inventory, and to make room for Millinery Goods, will continue their

GREAT COST SALE For One Week More Only.

Their stock comprises all that is desirable in **VELVETS,** Velvet, Cloth and Astrachan CLOAKS AND CLOAKINGS, Paisley & Wool Shawls.

Special attention is called to **Black Dress Silks**

Large assortment of FINE LACES, LADIES' FURNISHING AND FANCY GOODS, WORSTED, HOSIERY, &c., &c.

We will positively offer every article AT ACTUAL COST FOR ONE WEEK MORE ONLY.

HOTCHKIN, PALMER & CO., 91 STATE-ST.

REVOLUTION DOLLAR SALE

ON MONDAY, Feb. 7, On Wednesday, Feb. 9, On Friday, Feb. 11,

We will sell each day one Case (2,000 Yards) of 4-4 **Lonsdale Cotton,** SEVEN YARDS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

We will also offer for the next ten days, LADIES' TUCKED SKIRTS, (Ten Tucks) made from LONSDALE COTTON, FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Ladies' Chemise and Drawers, MADE FROM WAMSUTTA COTTON, FOR ONE DOLLAR.

THE REVOLUTION DOLLAR STORE, 73 Lake-st.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Robert Fergus' Sons PRINTERS Established 1840. Office, 14 CLARK ST.

Printing House, 244 to 248 Illinois Street.

Enoch Morgan's Sons.

FURNITURE.

J. H. PIKE, FURNITURE Auction & Commission, 85 Randolph-st.

Regular Sales every Friday, of Furniture, Bedding, Carpets and Household Goods. Consignments and outside sales solicited. Liberal advances.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE. Wm. W. Strong, 263 Randolph-st.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CYRUS THOMAS, ARCHITECT, 18 MAJOR BLOCK, Corner of LaSalle and Madison-sts., Chicago.

SMITH & KOHLSAAT, PROBATE LAWYERS.

JOB GRINDING AND POLISHING, BY JOHN KEAN,

JAMES REDMOND, HORSESHOEING SHOP, 85 WEST LAKE-ST.

SEWING MACHINES.

WORK FOR THE LADIES.

Ladies, if you want a first-class Sewing Machine of any kind, and a chance to pay for it in work supplied by us, and done at home, call at our salesrooms, No. 148 South Clark-st., Room No. 1.

NICHOLS & MELCHERT.

SAPOLIO

GENERAL NOTICES.

UPS AND DOWNS.

THOS. NELSON'S NEW PAINT AND SIGN SHOP,

INSURANCE SUIT.

HYDE PARK TAXES

NEWSPAPERS.

THE Milwaukee Wisconsin NORTHWESTERN LIST OF NEWSPAPERS.

OUR PLAN OF ADVERTISING.

OUR CIRCULATION.

AN ADVERTISEMENT INSERTED IN ALL THE NEWSPAPERS PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE Evening Wisconsin, WILL REACH 250,000 Subscribers per Week.

RATES.

COOK, COBURN & CO., Our authorized and special agents in Chicago.

CRAMER, AIKENS & CRAMER, Publishers, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Enoch Morgan's Sons.

PIANOS.

REMOVAL.

STEINWAY PIANO, THE BURDETT ORGAN, AND DITSON & CO.'S Musical Publications.

SMITH & NIXON, General Northwestern Agents for Steinway's Pianos.

LYON & HEALY, Wabash-av and Washington-st., CHICAGO.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Free Homesteads in the Garden of the World! ALL ABOUT KANSAS!

FINANCIAL.

GLENDINNING, DAVIS & AMORY, BANKERS & BROKERS, No. 17 Wall-st., New York, AND GLENDINNING, DAVIS & CO, PHILADELPHIA.

REPUBLIC INSURANCE CO., Chicago, Jan. 25, 1870.

The Transfer Books of this Company will be closed from the 1st to the 15th February next, for the payment of the usual semi-annual cash dividend of 5 per cent.

A. DUDGEON, President.

$50,000 TO LOAN.

Money to Loan

Money to Loan.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A Bargain! A Bargain!

AMUSEMENTS.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

"STAND DOWN THE HALL." Saturday Evening, Feb. 12, ONE NIGHT ONLY. Old Times Yankee Revival. **YANKEE ROBINSON,** AND MISS MINNIE JACKSON,

OUR GRAND-FATHERS' DAYS.

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

FRANK E. AIKEN .... Proprietor and Manager

Another Great Novelty!

THE GRAND MILITARY DRAMA, NOT GUILTY;

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

MR. & MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

INSHAVOGUE; Or, The Outlaw of '98.

THE IRISH BARON.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

Weber's Grand Opera, **DER FREISCHUTZ,** BY THE GERMANIA MÆNNERCHOR,

Monday, Feb. 7, Tuesday, Feb. 8, Friday, Feb. 11.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

MANNING'S MINSTRELS. SEVEN SISTERS;

OPERA HOUSE ART GALLERY.

SUBSCRIBERS' Grand Annual Assembly Reception Thursday Evening, Feb. 10.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE, ALADDIN, Or, the Wonderful Scamp.

CONCERTS, BY THE CELEBRATED MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, MISS JENNY BUSK.

LIBRARY HALL. MISS KATE FIELD WILL LECTURE MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 7, 1870. SUBJECT: "Among the Adirondacks."

FARWELL HALL. LECTURE BY FRED. DOUGLASS.

TURNER HALL. GRAND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE CHICAGO TURN-GEMEINDE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1870.

DANCING. AVENUE HALL,

A GRAND SOCIAL BALL

JAMES BULLOCK, THEATRICAL COSTUMER,

SAPOLIO

SAFES. ONE HUNDRED New and Second-Hand Safes.

AUCTION SALES.

(ESTABLISHED 1856.) WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

STOCK AND FIXTURES Of a Wholesale Dealer of WATCHES AND JEWELRY, AT AUCTION,

LARGE SALE OF Elegant New Furniture,

Trade Sale of Dry Goods, READY-MADE CLOTHING, AT AUCTION,

By D. LONG & CO. Regular Wednesday's Sale OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE,

By W. S. LANGLEY. CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE AT AUCTION.

GEO. G. GRUBB, Auction and Commission,

LUMBER AND TIMBER.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.

BRADNER, CHARNLEY & CO. Lumber Merchants, 248 South Water-st.

DISSOLUTION NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION.

Special Copartnership.

DISSOLUTION.

COPARTNERSHIP.

DISSOLUTION.

DISSOLUTION.

DISSOLUTION.

COPARTNERSHIP.

Enoch Morgan's Sons.

AGENTS WANTED.

LOTTERY.

HOUSE MOVING.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

The Tribune.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1870.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1870.

REAL ESTATE.

FINANCIAL.

MONEY WANTED.

BOARD AND ROOMS.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

HELP WANTED.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

PERSONAL.

LOST AND FOUND.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMUSEMENTS.

EXCURSIONS.

MEETINGS.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

LEGAL NOTICES.

PROPOSALS.

MACHINERY.

AUCTION SALES.

RAILROADS.

STEAMBOATS.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

REAL ESTATE.

COMMERCIAL.

ALL WHO READ
COBB'S
SELECT LIBRARY,
29 Washington-st.

SMUGGLING BY MAIL.

A Nice Little Game to Defraud the Revenue Exposed and Defeated.

Brigham Young Engaged in the Business—Seizure of a Lot of Mormon Hymn Books.

A system of smuggling through the mails, which has been carried on for some time, was brought to light about two weeks ago, and since that time quite a number of books and articles manufactured in Europe have been seized by the Custom House officers. It is impossible to estimate the value of the articles that have been received by those who ordered them, [illegible]

[illegible]

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

[illegible]

[illegible]

GARROTERS AT WORK.

Another Woman Knocked Down and Robbed Last Evening.

That the garroters are getting desperate is certain, for they will now knock down women and rob them. [illegible]

A Mile of Organs.

It is an undeniable fact that the reed organ is rapidly becoming a powerful rival of the piano. [illegible]

The Babcock Extinguisher at the Opera House Fire.

F. W. Farwell, Esq., Secretary Northwestern Fire Extinguisher Company:

Dear Sir: It is but justice to your company to say, in view of the statement in this morning's papers, that the Babcock Extinguisher was used at the late fire in the Opera House. I will also state that all of the eight extinguishers in the Opera House, with the exception of one in the [illegible]

U. H. Crosby.

Opera House, Feb. 5, 1870.

[illegible]

Cod Liver Oil.

Hazard & Caswell's Cod Liver Oil is the best.—*Advertisement.*

Colorado Items.

Denver, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

Annexation Movement in Nova Scotia.

Halifax, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

Nashville Items.

Nashville, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

Shocking Accident—Measles Among Children.

[illegible]

The Attempted Removal of General Thomas.

Louisville, Feb. 5.—The Courier-Journal publishes [illegible]

Organization of the Coal-Mine Proprietors of Ohio.

Akron, O., Feb. 5.—[illegible]

Conviction of a Murderer.

Cincinnati, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

Death of Mrs. Wentworth.

Troy, Feb. 5.—Wife of Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago, died yesterday.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

[illegible]

BIRTHS.

[illegible]

DIED.

[illegible]

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—BY J. H. KEELER, REAL ESTATE [illegible]

FOR SALE—BY D. COLE & SON, REAL ESTATE [illegible]

FOR SALE—BY WM. H. THOMPSON, REAL ESTATE [illegible]

[illegible]

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

[illegible]

TO LEASE.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

[illegible]

LOST AND FOUND.

[illegible]

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

[illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

[illegible]

WANTED—TO RENT.

[illegible]

PARTNERS WANTED.

[illegible]

PERSONAL.

[illegible]

INSTRUCTION.

[illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

[illegible]

TO RENT—HOUSES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

TO RENT—STORES AND OFFICES.

[illegible]

FINANCIAL.

[illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

[illegible]

BOARDING AND LODGING.

[illegible]

BOARD WANTED.

[illegible]

FOR SALE.

[illegible]

CLAIRVOYANTS.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALES.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALES.

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]

MACHINERY.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

[illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

[illegible]

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

[illegible]

The Tribune.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1870.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The tomb of Abelard and Heloise, at Pere la Chaise, is converted by the lovers in that quarter of Paris into a Post Office. Among the many pencilled inscriptions are the following:

"I beg Emily to be more exact."—*Adolphe.*

"I come when I can."—*Emily.*

"I am not such a fool as you think me."—*Adolphe.*

"Only the fraction of one."—*Emily.*

All that remains of Abelard may well shudder.

Adelina Patti has achieved another great success at St. Petersburg, in the part of Marguerite, in Faust. She was called before the curtain twenty-eight times.

A family from Lyons came to Rome in 1867, to present for the Papal benediction a deaf and dumb infant. After the blessing, the grandmother, kneeling before Pius IX., said: "Your Holiness can grant me one favor, on which the happiness of my family depends."

"Speak, my child; the thing shall be done, if in my power."

After some circumlocution, the good woman begged the Pope's little skull-cap.

"If that's all, take it," said he; "but let me ring for another."

But the old lady drew one from her pocket, the precise counterpart of that she coveted. The exchange was made in good temper, but the Pope muttered to himself:

"Lucky for me she didn't ask for my shirt."

The precious cap now reposes upon a velvet cushion, under a glass shade, side by side with a sprig of withered orange flowers, reminiscence of another important event in the old lady's life.

The amnesty granted by Napoleon, August 14, extended to 92,411 persons, according to the official report.

A policeman recently picked up in a Paris gutter a woman's head. Great efforts were made to discover the supposed murderer, but turned out that a medical student had thrown away one of his subjects.

The French expedition sent to the Bay of Vigo to find the treasure supposed to be sunk there in Spanish galleons will receive forty-three per cent of the avails.

"What's the news?" asked Napoleon of one of his courtiers after a Cabinet Council. "Before I can answer, I must read the evening papers, sire," was the reply.

Edmond About is going to take office under the Ollivier Ministry.

The *Figaro* states that the Emperor never gives less than 500 francs for a box at any one of the theatres. For the boxes he regularly retains to place at the disposal of visitors, he pays at the opera 100,000 francs annually; at the Opera Comique, Italiens and Français, 36,000 francs; and at the Gymnase and Odeon, 16,000 francs.

The Ottoman Government is giving its support to a project of Mr. Netter, of Constantinople, to found an Agricultural School for Jews in Palestine. Funds have been raised in Turkey and Germany. Many Jews migrate to Jerusalem, but, together with those resident, spend an idle life. The Porte concurs with those who think that a development of the resources of Palestine, and promoting industry among the Jews, will be of general advantage.

In 1868, during the months of September, October, and November, 565 horses (including a few asses and mules) were eaten in Paris. In 1869, during the same period, the special slaughter houses disposed of 683 horses, showing an increase in three months alone of 118 horses, or 24,000 kilogrammes of horse meat. In the departments also horse cooking progresses at the same rate.

Haussmann, under whose administration new Paris has been made, refused to resign the office of Prefect of the Seine, and demanded that the official journal should state that he had been removed. After his removal he received a private audience of two hours from the Emperor. The ceremony of farewell at the Hotel de Ville was almost royal in its magnificence—all the officials being in full uniform, and the ex-Prefect figuring in his silver-laced costume, sparkling with decorations. His appearance on this occasion has recalled an anecdote of his career as Prefect of Bordeaux, where his fine clothes caused him to be mistaken for Napoleon III., whose figure was not so well known in those days as now.

"Pardon, Sire," said Haussmann, "they take the Drum Major for the little Corporal."

The ex-Prefect is going to live in Nice, saying he cannot afford to reside at Paris. The Paris *Gaulois*, speaking of his fortune, says: "Do you wish to know the amount of the Baron's fabulous wealth? The best part of it lies in the revenues of the Baroness, estimated at 30,000f. a year. Add to that the annual Senatorial donation of 30,000f., and you will have a total of 60,000f. You will scarcely believe me when I say that the Baron retires with only 10,000f. rente of his own; and yet nothing is more exact." Emile de Girardin has the courage to praise this unpopular man, and declares that he is the one servant of the Second Empire whom he should like to have been.

The irreconcilables, however, are not satisfied with Haussmann's removal.

"Well," said a writer for the *Figaro* to one of them, "Now you must be contented, for Haussmann is destroyed."

"That is not enough, we must destroy all that he has done."

One of the most important questions which the Parisian press is attempting to settle for the new Cabinet is that of ministerial residences. We are told that the Marquis de Talhouet, who has a sparkling mansion in the Faubourg St. Honore, and M. Ollivier, who is but poorly lodged in the Rue Guillaume, do not intend to change their quarters for the magnificent hotels at their disposal; and the Radicals hope that this example should be generally followed. As a proof of the homely manner in which the Prime Minister (if this appellation can be properly applied to M. Ollivier) lives, it is reported that a gentleman who went to call on him was received by his wife, who with a duster in her hand, announced herself as Madame Ollivier, and said that her husband was down-stairs in his study. This reminded the visitor of Robespierre!

When Prim lost his last excuse for proposing the Duke of Genoa for the Spanish crown, the European press of the monarchical order pounced upon him with the Prince of the Asturias or the Duke de Montpensier, or both. "We should not wish," said one of these organs, with delightful frankness, "for the sake of the Prince of the Asturias himself, to see him raised to the Spanish throne, but we believe that Spain requires a King, and if some innocent person must be sacrificed to that necessity the Prince of the Asturias is rightly designated as the victim; and, what is most important, would be willingly surrendered for the purpose by his guardians." But the people of the large towns grow fierce and gloomy at the proposal. To have passed through a revolution and its consequences only to change a royal adulteress for her illegitimate offspring, is an idea which sends the hot blood into their cheeks.

A French gunboat has just carried a monument to an obscure river—the Nunez—on the west coast of Africa. It is there to be erected to the memory and glorification of Rene Caillie, a brave, though almost forgotten, traveller, who, in the beginning of this century, crossed the African Continent from the River Nunez to Tangiers via Timbuctoo. He achieved this extraordinary feat disguised as an Arab, and at the cost of all, which was all that he possessed in the world. Unfortunately, he was a man without education, and in his character as an Arab did not dare to make inquiries. His book, therefore, was very dull and barren; the *Quarterly Review* accused him of imposture, and the authenticity of his travels has never been fully established in the English mind. However, Dr. Barth certified the correctness of his description of Timbuctoo, with some reservations, and Mr. Winwood Reade, who, in his late journey to the Western Niger, passed over part of Caillie's ground, is convinced that his travels are trustworthy and genuine.

The feeling against conventual establishments in Europe is unchecked by the thunders from Rome. We read in the Berlin papers a report of the committee to whom was assigned the duty of examining petitions presented to the Chamber of Deputies, in which the opinion is expressed that the government must insist upon applying to all ecclesiastical establishments the inspection and control imposed by law on all incorporated bodies; and this inspection the conventual authorities assert is fatal to their institutions. Three of the principal districts in Hungary have also presented a petition in the Hungarian Parliament, asking for the abolition of monasteries and convents, and the appropriation of the revenues to educational purposes.

The Duke of Abercorn, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Tories, said a little while ago that the Prince of Wales could not visit Ireland because of the smallness of his income. This assertion has since been challenged in a variety of ways. One rude critic, who [illegible] it, says:

"Now, considering that His Royal Highness had little more than half a million handed over to him on the attainment of his majority, from the proceeds of his Duchy of Cornwall under the careful superintendence of his father—that he has not much more than £50,000 now coming to him annually from that source; that Parliament allows him only £40,000 a year additional; [illegible] that even if his pay as Field Marshal, General, Colonel, and holder of other offices, be taken into account—his income cannot very much exceed £100,000 per annum, the £10,000 a year received by his royal spouse, towards housekeeping or for pin money, of course going for nothing. Hence, his Royal Highness can only have about £300 per diem, which is less than £12 for every hour in the week, Sundays included, sleeping or waking."

The Chief Magistrate of Charkoo, the central point of the railway system of Southern Russia, received an anonymous letter from St. Petersburg, stating that gross abuses exist in the management of the State Prison. Determined to ascertain the truth, he paid an unexpected visit to the jail, and was shown over it by the warden. On attempting to enter one department he was met by all sorts of excuses. He insisted, however, on being admitted, and was surprised to find a room, on the floor of which several stone chests were ranged, each just large enough to hold a middle-sized man. Lamentable cries issued from these when the door of the apartment was opened, and the visitor was horrified to discover that each chest had a living tenant. The occupants of these specimens of Russian "little ease" were wasted to skeletons and loaded with heavy chains. To the inspector's inquiries the chief warder replied, with much naivete, "It is an old custom to confine prisoners here; but no one, so far as I know, ever died of it." The release of the sufferers was immediately ordered, and the whole affair will probably be made the subject of a judicial investigation.

The Goldfish Presented to the Pope.

New York, Jan. 22, 1870.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

[illegible]

FEMALE LECTURERS.

Anna Dickinson—[illegible]

I went to hear Miss Dickinson [illegible]

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALES.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALES.

[illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

[illegible]

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Adelina Patti has achieved another great success at St. Petersburg, in the part of Marguerite, in Faust. She was called before the curtain twenty-eight times.

A family from Lyons came to Rome in 1867, to present for the Papal benediction a deaf and dumb infant. After the blessing, the grandmother, kneeling before Pius IX., said: "Your Holiness can grant me one favor, on which the happiness of my family depends."

"Speak, my child; the thing shall be done, if in my power."

After some circumlocution, the good woman begged the Pope's little skull-cap.

"If that's all, take it," said he; "but let me ring for another."

But the old lady drew one from her pocket, the precise counterpart of that she coveted. The exchange was made in good temper, but the Pope muttered to himself:

"Lucky for me she didn't ask for my shirt."

The precious cap now reposes upon a velvet cushion, under a glass shade, side by side with a sprig of withered orange flowers, reminiscence of another important event in the old lady's life.

The amnesty granted by Napoleon, August 14, extended to 91,411 persons, according to the official report.

A policeman recently picked up in a Paris gutter a woman's head. Great efforts were made to discover the supposed murderer, but it turned out that a medical student had thrown away one of his subjects.

The French expedition sent to the Bay of Vigo to find the treasure supposed to be sunk there in Spanish galleons will receive forty-three per cent of the avails.

"What's the news?" asked Napoleon of one of his courtiers after a Cabinet Council. "Before I can answer, I must read the evening papers, sire," was the reply.

Edmond About is going to take office under the Ollivier Ministry.

The *Figaro* states that the Emperor never gives less than 500 francs for a box at any one of the theatres. For the boxes he regularly retains to place at the disposal of visitors, he pays at the opera 100,000 francs annually; at the Opera Comique, Italiens and Français, 30,000 francs; and at the Gymnase and Odeon, 16,000 francs.

The Ottoman Government is giving its support to a project of Mr. Netter, of Constantinople, to found an Agricultural School for Jews in Palestine. Funds have been raised in Turkey and Germany. Many Jews migrate to Jerusalem, but, together with those resident, spend an idle life. The Porte concurs with those who think that a development of the resources of Palestine, and promoting industry among the Jews, will be of general advantage.

In 1868, during the months of September, October, and November, 585 horses (including a few asses and mules) were eaten in Paris. In 1869, during the same period, the special slaughter houses disposed of 683 horses, showing an increase in three months alone of 118 horses, or 34,000 kilogrammes of horse meat. In the departments also horse cooking progresses at the same rate.

Haussmann, under whose administration new Paris has been made, refused to resign the office of Prefect of the Seine, and demanded that the official journal should state that he had been removed. After his removal he received a private audience of two hours from the Emperor. The ceremony of farewell at the Hotel de Ville was almost royal in its magnificence—all the officials being in full uniform, and the ex-Prefect figuring in his silver-laced costume, sparkling with decorations. His appearance on this occasion has recalled an anecdote of his career as Prefect of Bordeaux, where his fine clothes caused him to be mistaken for Napoleon III., whose figure was not so well known in those days as now.

"Pardon, Sire," said Haussmann, "they take the Drum Major for the little Corporal."

The ex-Prefect is going to live in Nice, saying he cannot afford to reside at Paris. The Paris *Gaulois*, speaking of his fortune, says: "Do you wish to know the amount of the Baron's fabulous wealth? The best part of it lies in the revenues of the Baroness, estimated at 50,000f. a year. Add to that the annual Senatorial donation of 30,000f., and you will have a total of 80,000f. You will scarcely believe me when I say that the Baron retires with only 20,000f. rente of his own; and yet nothing is more exact." Emile de Girardin has the courage to praise this unpopular man, and declares that he is the one servant of the Second Empire whom he should like to have been.

The irreconcilables, however, are not satisfied with Haussmann's removal.

"Well," said a writer for the *Figaro* to one of them, "Now you must be contented, for Haussmann is destroyed."

"That is not enough, we must destroy all that he has done."

One of the most important questions which the Parisian press is attempting to settle for the new Cabinet is that of ministerial residences. We are told that the Marquis de Talhouet, who has a splendid mansion in the Faubourg St Honore, and M. Ollivier, who is but poorly lodged in the Rue Guillaume, do not intend to change their quarters for the magnificent hotels at their disposal; and the Radicals urge that this example should be generally followed. As a proof of the homely manner in which the Prime Minister (if this appellation can be properly applied to M. Ollivier) lives, it is reported that a gentleman who went to call on him was received by his wife, who, with a duster in her hand, announced herself as Madame Ollivier, and said that her husband was down-stairs in his study. This reminded the visitor of Robespierre!

When Prim lost his last excuse for proposing the Duke of Genoa for the Spanish crown, the European press of the monarchical order pounced upon him with the Prince of the Asturias or the Duke de Montpensier, or both. "We should not wish," said one of these organs, with delightful frankness, "for the sake of the Prince of the Asturias himself, to see him raised to the Spanish throne, but we believe that Spain requires a King, and if some innocent person must be sacrificed to that necessity the Prince of the Asturias is rightly designated as the victim; and, what is most important, would be willingly surrendered for the purpose by his guardians." But the people of the large towns grow fierce and gloomy at the proposal. To have passed through a revolution and its consequences only to change a royal adulteress for her illegitimate offspring, is an idea which sends the hot blood into their cheeks.

A French gunboat has just carried a monument to an obscure river—the Nunez—on the west coast of Africa. It is there to be erected to the memory and glorification of Rene Caillie, a brave, though almost forgotten, traveller, who, in the beginning of this century, crossed the African Continent from the River Nunez to Tangiers *via* Timbuctoo. He achieved this extraordinary feat disguised as an Arab, and at the cost of £40, which was all that he possessed in the world. Unfortunately, he was a man without education, and in his character as an Arab did not dare to make inquiries. His book, therefore, was very dull and barren; the *Quarterly Review* accused him of imposture, and the authenticity of his travels has never been fully established in the English mind. However, Dr. Barth certified the correctness of his description of Timbuctoo, with some reservations, and Mr. Winwood Reade, who, in his late journey to the Western Niger, passed over part of Caillie's ground, is convinced that his travels are trustworthy and genuine.

The feeling against conventual establishments in Europe is unchecked by the thunders from Rome. We read in the Berlin papers a report of the committee to whom was assigned the duty of examining petitions presented to the Chamber of Deputies, in which the opinion is expressed that the government must insist upon applying to all ecclesiastical establishments the inspection and control imposed by law on all incorporated bodies; and this inspection the conventual authorities assert is fatal to their institutions. Three of the principal districts in Hungary have also presented a petition to the Hungarian Parliament, asking for the abolition of monasteries and convents, and the appropriation of the revenues to educational purposes.

The Duke of Abercorn, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Tories, said a little while ago that the Prince of Wales could not visit Ireland because of the smallness of his income. This assertion has since been challenged in a variety of ways. One rude critic, who objects to it, says:

"Now, considering that His Royal Highness had little more than half a million handed over to him on the attainment of his majority, from the proceeds of his Duchy of Cornwall under the careful superintendence of his father—that he has not much more than £50,000 now coming to him annually from that source; that Parliament allows him only £40,000 a year additional; and that even if his pay as Field Marshal, General, Colonel, and holder of other offices, be taken into account—his income cannot very much exceed £100,000 per annum, the £10,000 a year received by his royal spouse, towards housekeeping or for pin money, of course going for nothing. Hence, His Royal Highness can only have about £280 per diem, which is less than £12 for every hour in the week, Sundays included, sleeping or waking."

The Chief Magistrate of Charkoo, the central point of the railway system of Southern Russia, received an anonymous letter from St. Petersburg, stating that gross abuses exist in the management of the State Prison. Determined to ascertain the truth, he paid an unexpected visit to the jail, and was shown over it by the warder. On attempting to enter one department he was met by all sorts of excuses. He insisted, however, on being admitted, and was surprised to find a room, on the floor of which several stone chests were ranged, each just large enough to hold a middle-sized man. Lamentable cries issued from these when the door of the apartment was opened, and the visitor was horrified to discover that each chest had a living tenant. The occupants of these specimens of Russian "little ease" were wasted to skeletons and loaded with heavy chains. To the inspector's inquiries the chief warder replied, with much *naivete*, "It is an old custom to confine prisoners here; but no one, so far as I know, ever died of it." The release of the sufferers was immediately ordered, and the whole affair will probably be made the subject of a judicial investigation.

The Goldfish Presented to the Pope

NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1870.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

There was a brief account published, I believe, in the *Herald*, some time ago, of the presentation to the Holy Father at Rome, by Archbishop McCloskey, of an artificial goldfish from this diocese, but in the character of academia, brief as the account was, it was incorrect. As a simple matter of justice, therefore, to the institution from which this present came, I hope you will publish this statement. I learn from one of the graduating class of 1869 of the Academy (for young ladies) of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, that the beautiful fish in [illegible]

was a present "got up" for Pio Nono by the pupils of said academy in a general subscription; that this fish, of fine gold, was some eight or ten inches in length, and was an exquisite work of art by Ball & Black; that it was filled with gold dollar pieces; that in its mouth was fixed a beautiful diamond ring; that in the name of the pupils of the academy it was given in charge to Archbishop McCloskey by one of the graduating class; and that the Archbishop on receiving it, in the course of some flattering remarks, said "that as this precious fish was too heavily laden to travel to Rome in the water, it should go on sea with him over the water."

Why the pupils concerned chose this form of fish for their offering to the Pope, may be explained by the last four verses of the Holy Gospel according to St. Matthew, which, referring to the Savior and some of his disciples, are as follows:

"24. And when they were come to Capernaum, they that received tribute money (the Roman provincial internal revenue tax) came to Peter, and said, Doth not your master pay tribute?

"25. He saith, Yes. And when he was come into the house, Jesus prevented him, saying, What thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the Kings of the earth take custom or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers?

"26. Peter saith unto him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free.

"27. Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money (a *stater*, a coin equal to about sixty American cents, gold valuation); that take, and give unto them for me and thee."

This fish from the young ladies of the Manhattanville Academy of the Sacred Heart was, then, a pretty idea, and of all the presents received by the Pope from the members of the Œcumenical Council be pronounced this the most beautiful.

FEMALE LECTURERS.

Anna Dickinson—Olive Logan.

I went to hear Miss Dickinson lecture at Library Hall a week ago, not because she is the fashion, or that I needed conviction in regard to equal rights and wrongs, but because I wanted to hear a woman talk at the rate of a hundred dollars an hour. That compelled me to believe her a success, and I was quite willing to sit on the hardest seat I ever encountered, behind the longest-bodied people that are made, while she entered Whited Sepulchres, and ventilated Mormon iniquities.

The usual highly respectable audience was there. A great many sets of white ermine and dress hats with point lace on them, shone softly under the gas light, and jewelled hands raised gold and pearl opera-glasses to beautiful eyes. Elderly men with fixed ideas and settled habits sat patiently by their less tractable wives; and young men with slender canes and high foreheads petted their adolescent chins, and looked "all that sort of thing" at the chignons accompanying them; strong-minded women, with large, intelligent faces, were there in what they call sensible bonnets, hideous creations of velvet and pasteboard, and the way in which they settled themselves to a feast of Anna, was refreshing to look at. You might have walked over them—they would neither have seen you nor felt you. Their regards were fixed upon their beloved champion. When they heard her they were in ecstacy; when they could not, they could still see the "holy way of her head." Mixed with these were lawyers of eminence, male and female; doctors ditto; ministers who looked foolish, but listened with unction, and cried "Brave girl!" *sotto voce*, and wiped off sympathetic tears at the right places. There are people who went there believing polygamy to be a tit-bit of Salt Lake City, but who left convinced that it is common everywhere.

Ah! how she talked. I rose and fell in my seat with every cadence and monotone until I grew dizzy, and found enthusiasm disagreed with me; hers is not a woman's piping treble, but the full diapason of an orator's tones, irrespective of sex. She has improved very much in the dramatic by-play of flirting the tears from her sensitive eyes during the pathetic passages. Her hand is pretty enough to show to advantage, and not too small—a mistake women are apt to make about their hands. It is ornamented by a large seal ring, a gift of friendship from a New York editor.

Looking at her that night through an opera-glass, I perceived a singular coincidence. The gas burners above the platform were darkened almost to extinction, and the small globes of light reflected downward upon the wall in front of which Miss Dickinson was standing. As she talked eloquently and well, of the woman of to-day and her enfranchisement, she stood so that directly over her forehead appeared the shadow of a bright star, which hovered there while she spoke, as if crowning her with a halo of glory. The omen was accepted by the few of her earnest admirers, who were in a position to see it, as one of uncommon significance and beauty.

Anna Dickinson dresses plainly; she cannot well justify her position and do otherwise. Yet there is as much incongruity between a trail and the *Cross* reform movement as between it and point lace and diamonds. She wears both of these, but under protest, and shorn of their beauty. Her dress on Monday evening was her regulation one—black silk, plain waisted, tight coat sleeve, awkward and unbecoming, with no harmonious draperies to soften angular lines, or give rest and beauty to the eye; plain, neat and Quakerish, it certainly must have delighted the taste of the lesser sex. She wears her hair short and curling,—an easy and natural style.

It pleased me to hear her talk about marriage and babies, two institutions about which she knows nothing, but I felt sorry for the inharmonious views of life which her utterances—grand and popular though they be—invoke. It seemed to me that every woman there, who had a home and a husband to love her, and little children to call her mother, had a sphere larger and better than that of any would-be reformer, that the cheer of one's own baby was worth more than the applause of the best audience that Library Hall could gather. But then it would not pay so well, pecuniarily.

When she had finished, the people drew a long breath. The men laughed and looked a little foolish; the women nudged each other and said, "Isn't she splendid?" The young man of the present, who is married to the woman of the past, cried "Thank God for Anna!" but in the same breath declared he should not want her for a wife. I thought of the times when she washed dishes and cleaned sidewalks, in her brave, indomitable way, and wondered if money was a fair recompense for a youth spent as hers had been. A working girl—a clerk in the Mint—a spiritualistic speaker—an anti-slavery lecturer—a politician—a women suffragist—a Mormon denouncer—a successful woman. This is her record; talking feelingly and pathetically of woman's shackles who never was a slave; discussing the trammels and trials of marriage who never was married; arguing the right of babies to be born who refuses to be a mother; claiming the ballot to protect womanhood whose whole life record is an ovation to the liberality and justice of man. Oh Anna! the beauty and purity of your life are pure womanly, they exist, intact, in a thousand homes, where the shrined-womanhood is the lever that moves the world as you never can. Women who never doubt their equality because God designed them for mothers and wives; women who are contented to recognize in their husbands, the head of the family, of the Church and State, and who delight in saying

"I'll half the world to you, love,
You're all the world to me."

When Anna lectured in Galena, she began her discourse with the sentence, "Women, children, and idiots." An old gentleman, who had gone thither to please his wife, became very angry at this, insisting that by idiots she meant men, and he declared he did not come there to be insulted. This, however, would have been a mild form of masculine abuse from Anna!

Next October, Anna will be 27, but she retains admirably the freshness of her girlhood, engaged as she perpetually is in fighting chimeras, or advocating radical principles; the work does not seem to wear upon her, or is, perhaps, ameliorated by the healing salve of good pay. At any rate, the crown of martyrdom sits lightly on her fair brow.

OLIVE LOGAN

followed her friend Annie so closely in the lecture field that but one night intervened. As large and elegant an audience greeted her, but there were not so many solid people present. The bloom and beauty, and the *creme de la creme* of society, rather than the thinking, working men and women of the times. Womanly, unpunctual, she came before her waiting people, with a light, springing step, and, on the verge of the stage, stopped, unembarrassed and graceful, with a charmingly affected nonchalance, and remained sweetly silent and motionless for a moment; then she put her pretty head on one side, like a canary bird eating lump sugar, pressed one finger—I could not see whether it was dimpled or not, to the rosy portals of speech after the manner of naughty, cunning little girls, and began her very pretty lecture in a very pretty way. Once started, the irrepressible stream of nonsense gushed, and sparkled, and frothed, and bubbled from her charming lips, turning to all prismatic rays, under the rosy fire of her eloquence, and sending out brilliant forces of electric power, to move the admiration and delight of her listeners. She talked of girls; or, as she would say, gearls, and Olive Logan. Then more girls, and more Olive Logan, and she ran the whole gamut of *pearls* with a brilliancy of accomplishment and indirectness of purpose that left no room for criticism. While she stands there gesticulating so sweetly, and Frenchily, with her eyes, mouth, and jewelled hands, let me describe

HER DRESS,

as I saw it through the "glass of fashion." It was a short, narrow-scant-scrimp black velvet, with a butterfly pannier of black silk, which was belted on at the waist. This pannier was a large circular, coming within half a yard of the bottom of the skirt. It was open in front and pointed with some narrow trimming. At the back it was caught up very bouffant, making great perpendicular puffs that stood out on either side of the form. The back was a decided Grecian bend, to which appearance Miss Logan added, by frequently assuming the attitude. The black velvet waist was plain, and well liced with Olive Logan. At her throat she wore a Prince Arthur bow, a twisted affair of Valenciennes lace and pink ribbon highly becoming and in good taste. A collar of embroidered Glasgow linen, with gauntlet cuffs to match, complete the whiteness of her lingerie. At her wrists, the non-elastic gold bracelets, with locket attachment; breastpin and earrings of Oriental gold, with bandeaux for the hair, which was plainly arranged in a moderate-sized chignon. Thus she stood; a fine, well developed woman, with a very pretty, inane face—a woman who will not stay married—who repudiates "limp-backed" babies—who has been won over to suffrage by the means women take to win a woman when it pays, and who sips prettily of the froth of life, refusing its generous wine, and yet impressing one with a feeling, half pity, half admiration, such as we give to a spoiled child. When she told her pointless anecdotes, I was vexed with myself for laughing, but when she bravely and strongly denounced the defamers of her sex, and defended the weak and struggling, I could have embraced her, regardless of consequences.

Olive Logan is a woman of the present. Her life has embodied most of the radical principles which her revolutionary friends advocate. She has undone several heavy burdens, and dropped yokes, legal and otherwise. I am glad she does not find it policy to instil her ideas into the tender minds of the "Girls" she adores. Let her be airy and vain and egotistical, if you will, and make all the sensation her beauty and style will admit. We can appreciate her physical manifestations once a year, but when it comes to bloomerism and ballots—*merci!* as the French say, if we escape by any door. VAL.

How Soon Does the Guillotine End Consciousness.

The late execution in Paris has revived the old question of whether death instantaneously follows upon the severance of the head from the body.

In a letter to the *Gaulois*, Dr. Pinel asserts that "decapitation does not immediately affect the brain. The blood which flows after decapitation comes from the large vessels of the neck, and there is hardly any call upon the circulation of the cranium. The brain remains intact, nourishing itself with the blood retained by the pressure of the air. When the blood remaining in the head at the moment of separation is exhausted, there commences a state, not of death, but of inertia, which lasts up to the moment when the organ, no longer fed, ceases to exist. Dr. Pinel estimates that the brain finds nourishment in the residuary blood for about an hour after decapitation. The period of terror would last for about two hours, and absolute death would not ensue till after the space of three hours altogether." He adds, a bodiless head indicates by its movement the horror of its situation, it is "because it is physically impossible that it should do so, all the nerves which serve for the transmission of orders from the brain to the trunk being severed. But there remain the nerves of hearing, of smell, and of sight.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MIRACULOUS.

A Strange Occurrence at Rome—What is Thought of it by the Priests and Skeptics—The Superstition of the "Evil Eye."

Correspondence of the New York Post.

The Roman press publishes an account of a miracle somewhat of the same nature as the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, about which so much has been said for and against. The present miracle is the distillation of water from the bones of the eighty-nine martyrs of Vicenza, who were put to death at Concordia in the beginning of the fourth century. According to tradition, these bones, which are enclosed in a marble urn, are, under ordinary circumstances, dry, but whenever the Catholic Church achieves some great triumph, are covered with water, which issues from them. The Catholic papers naturally claim this as a manifestation of the Almighty's approval of the council, on the day of whose opening the prodigy was first noticed. On the other hand, skeptics are inclined not only to question the miracle, but even to assert that the continued rain and the inundation of the Italian rivers are calamities connected with the union of so many ecclesiastics at Rome. The Italians have a superstition that when there is an unusual concourse of priests something dreadful is sure to happen, and they point to the cholera which followed the Centenary Fetes in 1867 as a case in point.

A few even go so far as to talk mysteriously about the *jettatura*, that awful curse which clings to certain individuals whose love or interest for another person is always fatal to the object of their affections. The superstition itself is an importation from the extreme south of Europe, and in the Two Sicilies, in Greece, and in Turkey, it is so deeply rooted that few, even of the most educated people, would go into the street without a bone or coral charm hanging to their watch chain, or without a piece of garlic, which is supposed to be an infallible preservation, in their pockets. A series of accidents, which occurred soon after public appearances of Pious IX., in the early part of his reign, gave him the unfortunate reputation of being a *jettatore*, and it has clung to him up to the present time.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL RELICS.

The Sydney *Morning Herald* states that, among some of the recent additions to the Museum of Antiquities in connection with the Sydney University—frequently designated, in honor of its founder, the "Nicholsonian Museum"—are two very interesting objects connected with the earliest history of Australia. The first of these is a much weather-worn broken dram glass, about 3½ inches high, tapering towards the base, where the glass is unusually thick. It is ornamented with flowers and a series of festoons, cut deep into the glass, around the outer rim. The other object is a massive and highly ornamented swordbelt, buckle of bronze, partially gilt, about six inches long and two inches and a half wide. These remarkable objects were both found not long ago (by Captain Stokes, R.N., of Her Majesty's surveying ship Beagle) on one of the Albrohos, also called Houtman's Group, a small cluster of rocky, barren islands, about 200 miles off the coast of Western Australia, a little to the north of what is now known as the mouth of Swan River. From the antique appearance of these two well-authenticated relics, and the isolated position of the locality in which they were discovered, it is evident that they must have belonged to the Batavia, a Dutch ship, wrecked on one of these lonely and desolate islands during the night of the 4th of June, 1629. The Batavia was one of eleven vessels sent out from Holland in the seventeenth century by the Dutch Government, under Captain Pelsart, to take possession of Australia, or (as the Dutch then commonly called it) the "Great Southern Land." It was, moreover, intended, at that time, to found a colony, or at least a large settlement, on these distant coasts. The history of the Batavia is a very singular and terrible one. After the actual wreck (when all, or nearly all, appear to have been saved), the majority of the crew mutinied—murdered each other by wholesale, together with many of those who remained faithful to their duty, and committed other horrible atrocities. The Captain and some of his crew, however, got away from the Albrohos and in a small skiff, or open boat, managed to arrive in safety at the mainland—being, as supposed, the first Europeans who ever set foot on New Holland, or Australia. Pelsart and those that were with him then sailed many hundred miles up the Australian coast to the northward, until they reached a tolerably well known point far away into the tropics; whence they stood off the land for Java, and so finally arrived, after suffering many privations, at the city of Batavia. But a very large number of the crew were left behind at the Albrohos Islands, and amongst those most unhappy and abandoned men, scenes of murder and unchecked violence prevailed, until a Dutch ship (the Saardam frigate) at length made its appearance, with Captain Pelsart, to look after the remnant that was left. He found the mutineers had already murdered 125 persons, but that some few still bravely resisted the traitors. The ringleader (Jerom Cornelis) and about seventy or eighty of his associates, were promptly and sternly executed on the spot by Captain Pelsart, who then sailed for Java on the 28th of September, 1629. (See Thevenot's "Collection;" and Bennett's Australian Discovery and Colonization, chapter, page 16.) It is to be observed that the sword-belt buckle was worn, according to the fashion of the day, in front obliquely—on a leathern belt, settled like the ribbon of a chivalric order; not fastened round the waist, as at present. The belt to which it formed part once probably belonged to an officer, and may, possibly, have been worn by the pirate Cornelis himself. These interesting illustrations of a dark and dreadful episode in the early history of Australia were presented to the Sydney University Museum by Major W. H. Christie, formerly Postmaster General of this colony.

Albano.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

You see this knife, with the three teeth cut
In the blade's back; Open it wide; you hear
A click. To you it is meaningless, but,
When heard in Rome, there's a stab to fear.

More years ago than I care to count,
I lingered the long midsummer through
At the foot of the ancient Alban Mount,
Sketching and dreaming, as painters do.

Each day as I went to my morning task,
A young girl carried my easel-frame,
And, waiting to watch my work, would ask
Her countless questions: "What was the name.

"Of my country?" "Was it near Naples?"
"Could
It be seen from the top of St. Peter's dome?"
"It must be wretched, or else why would
One ever have wandered so far from home?"

That's her portrait hanging on yonder wall—
Though a peasant's, the face has a beauty rare;
Please notice her figure, lithe and tall,
And her bare brown legs, and her lustrous hair.

I thought her a child—she was scarce fifteen—
And, pleased with her innocent, childish ways,
Gave never a thought to what love might mean
In those warm, luxurious summer days.

And so, at the summer's end, I paid
The sum for her simple service due,
And went my way, with no word said
That the angels might not have listened to.

I had hardly left the little town
A league behind, when the poor child sprung
From a niche in the wayside wall, and down
In the dust at my feet the money flung.

And then in her eyes a sudden mist
Of tears rose, veiling their flashing pride;
While in her sleeve, close above the wrist,
Was the knife, with its long blade opened wide.

Her fierce, wild love, with a sudden flame,
Had flashed into swiftly passing hate;
And so by the road, with vengeful aim,
She crouched like a tigress lying in wait.

Since then I have won my worked-for-prize;
For my pictures sell, and the critics praise,
But I sometimes wonder if he is wise
Who chooses a life of loveless days.

And I half resolve to return again
To the Alban town, and to pass my life,
Away from the world, and its joy and pain,
With my wild, proud, passionate peasant wife.

"Shoo Fly."

It is remarkable what ludicrous things will have a run, for a time be considered "all the go," and constitute the object of joke and song in every place. Of this character is the "Shoo Fly" doggerel of which we have heard so much of late, that has been sung in every city, village, and nearly every hamlet in the land, and a large class of people still want more "Shoo Fly." And yet a mess of greater absurdity was never put together without the relief of tolerable wit. It is the singing with the senseless jargon of words that seems to constitute the popularity of "Shoo Fly." The song is a very old one. As a matter of curiosity to the thousands who have had the chorus ringing in their ears on every hand for several years past, we give the words of what may truthfully be termed the song of the period:

SHOO FLY! DON'T BODDER ME!

I think I hear de angels sing,
I think I hear de angels sing,
I think I hear de angels sing,
De angels now are on de wing.
I feel, I feel, I feel—
Dat's what my modder said:
De angels pouring 'lasses down
Upon dis nigger's head.

CHORUS: Shoo fly! don't bodder me!
Shoo fly! don't bodder me!
Shoo fly! don't bodder me!
I belong to Comp'y G.

I feel, I feel, I feel,
I feel like a morning star;
I feel, I feel, I feel,
I feel like a morning star;
I feel, I feel, I feel,
I feel like a morning star;
I feel, I feel, I feel,
I feel like a morning star.
If I sleep in de sun, dis nigger knows,
If I sleep in de sun, dis nigger knows,
If I sleep in de sun, dis nigger knows,
I feel, I feel, I feel,
Dat's what my modder said:
Whenever dis nigger goes to sleep,
He must cober up his head.

CHORUS: Shoo, fly! don't bodder me! etc.

Vaccination Parties.

A New York correspondent says:

Did you ever hear of vaccination parties? They are the fashion now.

There is nothing fashion will not take hold of. It is not afraid of death itself. Its latest caprice is the small-pox and the surgeon. It has seized hold of the rumor that there is small-pox in the city, and has embroidered and spangled it with one of its many whims, which is in the worst possible taste. It is fearful enough to have a scourge in the midst of a community, without making it a matter of sport. What do you think, then, of getting up parties of young people, whose object is to get vaccinated together in the shortest possible space of time and with the maximum of enjoyment? You are first inoculated and then you dance away the effects. You accelerate the action of the virus by bringing the light fantastic into play. After being lanced you plunge into "The Lancers," and I presume that the more fanciful are the pas you execute the greater is the exemption claimed for you from *la petite vérole*. I shouldn't be surprised if a new feature called "vaccination" were introduced into the "German." In fact, their vaccination parties are only an old fashion revived. Years ago, when small-pox first made its appearance in this country, or when inoculation first came in fashion, in dreadful taste as it is, was abundantly affected by the youth of both sexes. A present the social question is, instead of "How does your health to-day?" "How is your vaccination?" "Have you been vaccinated yet?" If your answer be in the negative you are invited to "come to my house at such a date" (mentioning the evening), "I am going to have a vaccination party!" The idea is horrible enough to be French, and the dance, which involves in its paraphernalia these accessories, might always be called the dance of death!

Why are kisses like the Creation? Because they are made out of nothing, but prove to be very good.

RAMBLES IN GERMANY.

Nuremberg and its Art Treasures.

The Chamber of the Inquisition.

Precautions Against Premature Burial in Nuremberg.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LEIPSIC, Dec. 1, 1869.

The idea of a Post Office in such a place as Nuremberg is so very repugnant, that one can hardly believe there is one. And, in truth, the authorities have had the good sense to put it out of sight as much as possible, quite outside the city, by the railway station. Gas they have; but even the gas, as I fancied, burned a little dimly in the streets, and did not intrude itself too much on one's notice. The very simple system of *surface-drainage*, that is, allowing the sewage to find its own way, as best it can, through the streets to the river, seems, to all outward appearances, at least, to be the prevalent one. The only public water works consist of a large number of pumps and running fountains distributed through the city. The streets are narrow and crooked, the houses built mostly with each successive story projecting a little further into the street; the roofs are steep, the gables mostly notched out, in a series of steps as it were, from bottom to top; a great fondness for a profusion of stone gingerbread ornaments shows itself; many corner houses have a little niche cut directly into the corner, and in the niche a statue of some sort. Half the houses which face the south have a sun-dial on the gable. The old fortifications remain untouched; an immensely thick and strong wall surrounds the whole of the old city; seventy-five towers are ranged around on the wall; on the outside is a moat 100 feet broad and 50 deep. Nine gates afford admittance to the town, great arched passages surmounted with frowning towers. The River Pegnitz flows through the midst of the city.

Nuremberg is crammed to overflowing with monuments of the art of 350 years ago. Here lived and worked contemporaneously the painters Albrecht Durer, Wolgemuth, Kulmbach, and others; the sculptor Krafft; the wood-carver Stoss; the brass-caster Vischer, and others; and built up a school of art peculiar to Nuremberg. Towers, churches, bridges, fountains, everything bears the stamp of them, or their successors and imitators. Rather an ugly style of art to my untutored eye, more grotesque than graceful, but not without a kind of inward power, an intensity of expression, which keeps one from laughing at it.

Entering at the Konigsthor, the chief objects of interest lie before one pretty nearly in a straight line, as one walks through the city. The Church of St. Lawrence, the largest and finest in Nuremberg, is at the further end of the Konigsstrasse, conspicuous with its two lofty spires, its splendid front portal, and the great wheel-shaped window above the same. The door is covered with numerous reliefs in brown sandstone (all the sculptures of Nuremberg are executed in sandstone), representing the Day of Judgment. Around the outside, in the nooks and corners formed by the walls of the building, are groups of statuary in life size, sheltered above by little roofs, and protected from too near approach by iron railings. One of these, I remember, depicts Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, with his three disciples, half lying, half sitting, asleep by his side; at the same time the artist has, with great audacity, depicted the Heavenly Father sitting on a throne above and in the act of despatching an angel with a message to the Son below. Other smaller bits of sculpture are scattered over the walls, mostly much dilapidated. In the interior are noteworthy old glass paintings on the windows, a highly prized altar-piece by Wohlgemuth; but most especially a so-called *sacraments haus-lein*, an exquisite stone structure, sixty-four feet high, in Gothic style, crowded with reliefs and little statues,—the most celebrated work of Adam Krafft. It rests on the shoulders of three figures in stone, representing himself and his two assistants, who, together, worked for four years on it, finishing it in 1500. The church was begun 1287, and finished 1477, but received, of course, most of its artistic embellishments later.

The Catholic *Frauenkirche* (Women's Church) further on, the other side of the river, was built in the fourteenth century, and contains less of interest; a few paintings, wooden carvings, gilded over, etc. The second Nuremberg church in interest is the Church of St. Sebaldus. It dates from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In general style it does not materially differ from the St. Lawrence Church, particularly as to the portals; the interior is richly decorated with paintings of Durer and Kulmbach, and many surprisingly perfect carvings in wood—some, indeed, of great size, by Veit Stoss. However, the chief point of interest in the church, and reckoned one of the wonders of Nuremberg, is the sepulchral monument of St. Sebaldus, cast in bronze,—the masterpiece of Peter Vischer, who, with his five sons, spent on it, as is said, thirteen years' work, and receiving for it the sum of 3,145 florins—rather a paltry compensation, even considering the higher value of money at that time. The monument is placed in the centre of the church; is not very high, but long and wide. Within is the metallic casket containing the body of the saint; around this stand the twelve apostles; many other figures of prophets and saints are in various parts, and numberless representations of nymphs, mermaids, various animals, etc.; flowers and vines are interwoven with the whole. Underneath are a series of reliefs, depicting the miracles wrought by the saints. The weight of the whole is 187 hundredweight.

Close by the Sebaldus Church, is a little picture gallery, which will not retain, very long, any one but an art student, or an admirer of the German school of painting. It contains about 200 pictures, among these many of Durer's, and some of Holbein's, and Cranach's.

Not unworthy of mention are the fountain decorations in various parts of the town. One very charming one, close by the Frauenkirche, has a little cast bronze figure of a peasant holding a goose under each arm; from the bills of the geese comes spurting out the water. Hardly inferior in fineness of workmanship to anything in Nuremburg, is the "Beautiful Fountain," (Shoner Brunnen) on the market; (sixty feet high, in the form of a gothic spire, and crowded with sculptures, some of which are comparatively new; others date back to the fourteenth century.

Continuing our walk through the city, we pass a colossal statue of Albrecht Durer, and, climbing a long slope, find ourselves at last at the great castle, quite at the other side of the town. There is little here to detain us, and we will proceed—those who have a taste for horrors—five minutes' walk along the wall to the right, as far as the next city gate. Here is an old but very innocent-looking house, and in it is a narrow doorway, closed by a gate of iron bars. Within you see a stone staircase leading down into utter darkness; on the wall is painted "To the Secret Inquisition." Pull a bell-wire, hanging close by, and presently an old woman comes with a key and a candle, unlocks the gate, lights the candle, and ushers us down the steep flight of stairs, through several passages to a series of small chambers, not unlike the stalls of a stable. We are in the torture-rooms of the old Inquisition. The simplicity of this time-honored method of judicial trial is here admirably illustrated. You are charged with some crime or other; down with you here, and on with the thumb-screw; if you confess, well and good, your head is chopped off forthwith; if you don't confess, then pass along to the next chamber, where something a little worse than thumb-screws await you; and so on till you do confess; if you don't confess at all, then you are tortured to death for your pertinacity. These, one may see, are contrivances for bending your joints the wrong way till they crack under the strain. In the next stall, a man's hands are tied behind his back, and he is suspended by his wrists with weights on his feet. An ugly-looking frame supports a wide plank set upright, and with its upper edge sharpened and armed with iron, so that it is about as sharp as a spade; a man sits astride of this with weights on his feet, and is cantered up and down,—an uncomfortable steed to ride. Here is a delightful arrangement with two metal plates inserted between your teeth; the turning of a screw separates these, and your mouth is forced open till your jaws break; and here, too, are a pair of sharp pincers, which are to be heated red-hot, and inserted into the opening to tear your tongue out. There again is a chair with sharp spikes in the seat; or, if that is not enough, you can be rocked to sleep in this cradle, studded, bottom and sides, with spikes about an inch long, with a pillow of similar construction.

But I will not enumerate more of the scores of torture implements,—not all as bad as those I have mentioned, but a few even worse, which were shown us there. In these underground chambers of solid masonry there was formerly no window; of late, for the sake of ventilation, small holes have been cut through the thick walls. Over each compartment is a small opening in the ceiling, communicating with the rooms above; here the Judges of the Inquisition listened, to hear what confessions the victims should make in their agonies.

But we have yet to see the famous "Eiserne Jungfrau" (Iron Maiden) in the embrace of which those who, for special offences, had been condemned to sudden and secret death, met their horrible fate. Our conductress guided us through a narrow winding passage of great length, and here we are at last in a small, low room. No cry of agony could ever betray to the outside world the sufferings of the unhappy victim; the thick, solid stone walls and ceiling are absolutely without outlet, and six wooden doors, one behind the other close the passage by which we have entered. In the middle of the chamber stands an iron something—whether it looks more like a statue or pillar, I cannot say—a trifle above the height of an ordinary man. The top is moulded into the form of a female face, with a kind of hood covering the head. "Although she is so handsome to look at, you shall see that she is very cruel within," remarks the woman, and going up to the figure, behold! the whole front opens on hinges outward like a double door. The figure indeed is merely a thick shell of iron, the inside being hollowed out just so as to completely enclose, when shut, a man's body, allowing him no chance to move a limb. To the inside of the doors, which form the front part of the machine, are affixed long, slender spikes of such length that when the doors are closed the spikes will just reach the back. These spikes may be perhaps fifteen or twenty in number. The victim is bound hand and foot, placed in the hollow of the figure, and the doors are closed upon him gradually by a special arrangement of screws, forcing the spikes quite through him from breast to back; two enter the eyes and come out at the back of the head. Nor are the doors suddenly closed; a special contrivance enables them to be screwed gradually to, thus prolonging the sufferings of the victim. When the last cries and the last groans have died away, and the iron doors are opened again the body is seen to rest on a trap-door opening downward; under this is an underground canal; the canal itself communicates with the river, and it is not likely that his friends will ever hear of him again.

The woman said it was not known when this frightful instrument was last used. No records were ever kept of such executions, and it is impossible to determine how numerous have been its victims.

The Museum of German Antiquities is one of the largest of its kind, and well worth a visit. Among its most attractive collections are the series of almost all existing specimens of earlier German sculptures; a large hall is devoted entirely to specimens of early manuscripts and printed books; another large room is full of ancient musical instruments; nor are, of course, domestic utensils and the like forgotten. The visitor will not fail to be struck with the large wall-painting by Kaulbach, representing the opening of the burial-vault of the Emperor Charlemagne by his successor, Otto, in A. D. 1000. Charlemagne would not be buried in a coffin, but caused himself to be placed in the vault in a sitting posture, where the corpse remained undisturbed nearly two hundred years, and was found by Otto still sitting on its marble throne. Otto caused the remains to be placed in a coffin. The throne exists still at Aix-la-Chapelle, where it was for a long time in use as a coronation chair. The painter has represented the body sitting, holding a Bible on its knees and resting on it a drawn sword. The amazement and awe of the entering party are finely depicted. The picture pleased me more than the other wall paintings of Kaulbach which I have seen.

Quite new to me was the contrivance I saw in a burial ground near Nuremberg—precautionary measures against burying persons not really dead. It is the law in Nuremberg that every corpse, within six hours after death, shall be taken to the dead-house in the cemetery. Here it must remain at least nine-and-twenty hours before it can be buried. The bodies are in a large airy and light apartment, on little couches prepared for the purpose. To the hand of each is attached a cord, the slightest movement of which is sufficient to set in motion an alarm-bell in an adjoining room, which continues to ring half an hour at a time. Watchers are, of course, at hand day or night, while hot baths, electrical appliances, and all medicinal restoratives are kept constantly ready for instant use. When I was there, there were four bodies thus laid out awaiting burial. The old man in attendance assured me that in the forty years during which the regulations had been in force, not one instance had yet occurred in which a body had given a sign of life; but that in Frankfort, where a similar arrangement is in use, an alarm had once been given, and the body afterwards restored to life. He took great pride in exhibiting the precautions and explaining them, which is probably pretty much all he ever had to do.

I left Nuremberg not without a feeling of regret, for my stay there had been particularly pleasant, and I had found much to interest me. From Nuremberg I proceeded in a dismal thirteen hours' ride, on a very rainy day, to Prague. D. F.

NOT IN THE DICTIONARY.

The Peculiarly Expressive in the English Language.

From the Galaxy.

It is amusing, and somewhat instructive, to observe how many words and phrases there are common in different sections of country, and among particular classes. Words that have never been seen in any dictionary are heard in common and serious use, and others, that are familiar, are found to have acquired new and surprising significations.

It is said that statement, like the following, would be quite intelligible in the West: "Look here, Judge! See what your boy's been at. He picked up a gravel rock (stone), chucked it over neighbor Barnes' haydoodle (haycock), and killed our hobbidy (rooster)." "At" seems to be a favorite Western preposition, as in the sentences, "Where did you get cold at?" "Where do you live at?" In Arkansas a stone would be called a "conock." In the South, or Southwest, to carry is to "tote;" a loaf of bread is "pone;" a small stream is a "run;" a canoe fashioned from a large log is, very expressively, a "dug-out." Everything is "right smart," as when a considerable distance is said to be a "right smart ways." We and you are "we uns" and "you uns;" and in the line of the verb to do, such expressions occur as "I gone done it," "He gone done it," "You uns gwine gone done it," "They uns gwine gone done it."

The idiomatic words, together with the peculiar pronunciation of the Yankee, have given him in the pages of Sam Slick, and in the more refined works of Lowell, a dialect of his own. In New England, a thing that is full is "chuck full;" a thing that is new is "bran (or brand) new;" and a clean thing is "spick span clean." The word "kiney" (forkind o') has come into almost universal use in the sense of rather; as when a thing is kindy nice, kindy good. A nice girl is "kindy scrumptious." Pretty is very generally used in the same sense, as pretty good, pretty nice. "Guess," which is so common in New England, though it is an English word transplanted, is not synonymous with think or believe. It expresses a meaning purely its own, and, though considered ungraceful by some fastidious persons, seems to me to be very useful in prefixing a thought with which we are willing to admit is only thrown out for what it is worth, and it may be mentioned at any time. But the use of "calculate" in the same sense is execrable.

The New Englanders have some curious complaints, among which are "conniption fits," "megrims" (megrums), "rheumatics," and "hypo." A Boston poet has written a "Sudbury Ballad" about a little girl with mourning ribbons in her hair, who, instead of dying in a retired manner to that of Wordsworth's little heroine, "We are seven," reiterated continually that her aunt died of the "shocanum palsey."

"What sort of palsey, love?" said I.—
"That name I never heard before."
This was my little maid's reply,
"I've told you twice, and won't no more."
"I pr'thee, sweetest, once again;"
"What was it killed your suffering aunt?"
She answered—"I will tell you, then,
But if you ask again, I shan't.
She died o' the shocanum palsey."

An amateur etymologist might suggest that the child meant a shock of numb palsy, but very likely he would be wrong.

It is curious to notice by what different words the same ideas are expressed and the same things named by different people. In some districts of England, too neat a high-stepping talk is called "clish-ma-claver," and scolding is "clapperclaw." In America it is called "hifalutin," and sometimes "serdummux." In New York a great talker is said to "blow" or "gas;" in the West he is said to "gooroo;" and in New England a farmer's wife sometimes advises a garrulous neighbor not to "biob around" so much. The latter seems to be a corruption of blab, as spook was of spook. In New England the lava of bread and meat, which in reality is called a "mush." The Indian name was "suppawn," which is now often used. In England, a much pudding is a "hasty pudding;" in New England, "samp" is "johnny-cake;" in the South it is corn-dodger or hoe-cake, as it is sometimes baked by the negroes on a hoe.

A long article might be written merely on the titles that have been given in various ages, countries and sections to money. Rhino, the tin, the needful, the ready, the ducats, the dust, the spondulix, are all old. In the West the popular synonym for the derivation of which it would be difficult to guess. In England, overshoes are called "galoshes;" in New York they are "rubbers," and in Pennsylvania they are called "gums." A Philadelphia gentleman and his wife visited a friend in New York, and one evening when they had been out the gentleman entered the parlor alone. "Where is Emily?" said the host. "Oh, she is outside putting her gums up the mat," said the Philadelphian. A momentary astonishment crossed the features of the New Yorker, which soon gave way to laughter.

In some parts of Vermont, "popular" is used in the offensive sense of aristocrat; and "powerful" is common in the sense of great or very, as when a man who has a great many apples is said to have "a powerful sight of apples," or as when tea is said to be "powerful weak." One particular thing is said to be a "heap sight" better than another. The word fellow in its good usage the meaning of a love sort of person, as well as the better signification of brother or companion, as in "Fellow of the Royal Academy;" but in Connecticut, and perhaps elsewhere, young ladies give it still another meaning. A girl was escorted home from prayer-meeting by a young man to whom she was not especially partial. On leaving her he remarked, "I will come and see you again next Sunday night." "Do," replied, very frankly, "Well, Bill, you can come as a friend, but not as a feller."

A headquarters of police, or as the populace sometimes term it, a lock-up, is called in New York a station-house, though in many places the word is more correctly used to indicate a stopping-house on railroads. "Depot" has, however, become almost universal in this sense, though incorrectly, for a depot is really merely a house employed for the purpose of storage. Near cities where vegetables are called "truck," a garden is called a "truck patch." A small tin pail is often called by city people a kettle, while others speak of it as a bucket, and distinguish as a "well-bucket" a vessel of which Wordsworth sang—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket which hung in the well.

Such phrases as "He thinks he is considerable some," "You can't sometimes always tell," "I don't guess I shall go," and "Things ain't as they used to was," are common as funny distortions of sentences. But the following, among many others, are in serious use in different sections of the United States: "School has fetched to," for "School has begun;" "I didn't go to go," for "I didn't intend to go;" "He talks like he was funny," for "He talks like a lunatic;" "Brown ain't not overly rich," for "Brown is not very rich;" "He has got a pretty good sum past," for "laid up;" "They lifted a collection," for "They took up a collection;" "Since I can mind," for "Since I can remember," and "Everything is out of kelter," for "out of order." For the last phrase, however, we have the authority of the great Dr. Barrow, who says, "If the organs of prayer be out of kelter or out of tune how can we pray?" We also read in his works the following: "All that is apparent in this world doth sit and soon give us the go-by."

Celia Logan, in a pleasant article published several years ago in the *Galaxy*, mentioned some differences in the signification of words as used in England and the United States. Thus, if an American asks for pantaloons, drawers are brought to him; if he asks for breeches, he is shown knee-breeches, such as are worn by footmen; and it is only when he calls for trousers that he gets the article desired. Suspenders are called "braces," vests "waistcoats," and underskirts "vests." Socks are called half-hose, and a shirtmaker is a shirt-tailor. A shoe coming above the ankle is a "boot;" one reaching to the calf is a "hessian;" and gaiters are not a lady's boot, but those old-fashioned leggings which were drawn over the leg when gentlemen wore knee-breeches and silk stockings. A person speaking of a bureau is supposed to mean an office for the transaction of business, and the word is not a synonym for "chest of drawers," which is the common name there, and also among New England housewives. A pitcher is not a glass, but a great gymnasium. A pitcher is called a "jug," and a stove a "grate." Corned beef is salt beef; ice cream is cream ice; and the vender of fruits and vegetables is a fruiterer and a green grocer. The owner of a house never rents it; the person who hires it rents it, and the owner lets it. There is also a similar plain and evident distinction between sick and ill; and our English cousins have such a horror of the word bug, that even in using the Americanism humbug they drop the "bug," and say, "You can't hum me."

It may be added that in England a person who is said to be "starved" is not necessarily very hungry, but may be merely chilled and frozen.

Peculiar idioms arise from differences of class and condition. It has been mentioned that in the east of London "rooms" are always advertised; towards Holborn, "lodgings;" but west of Regent street, nothing less than "apartments" would seem to let. Persons in different trades and professions use common words with peculiar meanings. A man experienced in wines may speak of a sweet wine, but never of a sour wine,—unless it is spoiled, the opposite quality to sweet being dry. Railway men and persons who have the experience of colliding railway trains, describe the course of a car when lifted up at one end and thrown to the top of the next in a collision as telescoping. The word may be found nowadays in many elaborate descriptions in the newspapers of a collision, and seems to have its origin merely in the fact that the general direction which the car takes resembles the slanting position of a telescope when turned to some heavenly body midway between the zenith and the horizon. On the city horse-railways, a "loafer" is a driver who is behind time, or "loafs," and a conductor who "knocks down" is one who appropriates a portion of money taken as fares to his own use. Any one who has frequently perused the advertisements of menageries and museums must have noticed that a curiosity is not considered of the first importance unless it is a "living" one. In a programme recently printed, the word was repeated some six times, beginning with a collection of living fish—which is undoubtedly much to be preferred as a spectacle to a collection of dead fish—and closing with a living gorilla, and an assortment of that "correct photographic likenesses of the giants, Cretans, Circassians, and other living curiosities may be purchased from the curiosities themselves." After this it is not surprising, perhaps, that an enthusiastic exhibitor of an unique set of dishes at a county fair was heard informing all the visitors, "This way, ladies and gentlemen, this way! Come and witness the greatest living curiosities in the shape of earthenware ever imported into the American continent."

Various words, from constant use, get an idiomatic meaning. With some, everything is "awful," whether it be awful nice, awful bad, awful mean, or awful grand. The English use the word "nasty" as frequently as it is [illegible]

[illegible]

NEGRO PATOIS AND ITS HUMOR.

From Appletons' Journal.

Worcester defines *patois* to be a rustic dialect. It has outgrown that meaning. French, as spoken by the educated class in Montreal; Spanish, in the best circles of Chili; Italian, in Genoa; German as you recede from Hanover; and our English in the speech of the Chinese millionaires of Victoria and San Francisco—as compared with the dialects of Paris and Madrid, Berlin, Rome, and Oxford—are patois, but surely they are at the farthest possible remove from the rustic. Saloons will have a more generic meaning when philologists tell us that it is the language of speech, or in its trials behind and above those organs, that makes English, or any other living language, always the same in varieties and tone in the articulate sounds of any particular race—brogue in the Irishman, accent in the educated German, "pigeon Yankee" in the Chinaman, or gibberish, to use not too fine a point upon the word—in the native African; why every Hebrew has a voice inclining to the nasal, and every Spaniard to the guttural; why there is a *burr* on the Scotchman's tongue, and a *frog* in the throat of the London cockney? There is a world of knowledge in that direction, which science has to explore and reveal in the future.

In English, as used by the negro, there is something entirely indigenous. His patois is *rustic*. There is also consistency in it. It possesses delicacy. There is no language more lucid. Emotions flow in a crystal stream through its simple forms. Meaning is never obscure. Force is never wanting. Shades of thought are defined. Emphasis rests in its place. It is, besides, abundantly humorous. Perhaps this is its characteristic. All over the world—in the slave pens of Dahomey and the wife-market of Algiers, among the women-thinned plantations of Cuba and the aguegried wretches on the coast of Brazil—the humorous, in every variety, crops out in the negro's speech. There is either no patois so capable of expressing the ludicrous, or no people using a patois so alive to the ridiculous. Nothing was more manifest during the rebellion. The keenest wit, the sharpest retorts, severest satire, and most amusing repartees came from the negro. What, even of Sydney Smith's, is more playful in turn of language than this?—"John," asked an over-zealous chaplain of a "contraband," who had just begun to enjoy the freedom of camp life—"John, have you found the Lord?"

"What's dat you ask, massa?"

"Have you found the Lord, John?" repeated the chaplain.

"Bless you, massa," replied John, "*is de Lord lost?*"

Take also the reply of the gray-haired negro at Centreville, who, after his cabin and the cabins of his neighbors had all been appropriated to army use by Worms, the Quartermaster, was asked by a Methodist class-leader if it was not time, at his age, to be preparing for another world.

"Yes, massa," was the response, "but it is time, for Cap'n Worms gwying to hab all *dere* is in dis world!"

General Michler tells of a conversation he overheard on going outside his tent during the "March to the Sea." It was between the body-servant and cook. Both had come in late from foraging. The text was from the loaves and fishes miracle. "Can't make out," said the latter, "how dat miracle was."

"Plain enough," responded the former. "Don't you see, Sir, seben thousand loaves and five thousand fishes divided 'mong twelve 'postles? Miracle was, *dey didn't bust!*"

On the coast of Africa, there is noticeable the same tendency towards the humorous in the very speaking of words by the negro in ordinary matters. No American sea captain ever hired a Sierra Leone "foreman" to go to the forest and cut him other than a merchantable wood. The foreman, however, explains to his laborers that it must be "fat wood, not all 'fat,' as would be the case were huge trunks of trees required, but "half fat," meaning the larger limbs and younger growth, the finished or branched, detached from the trunk. So, he says, "Dis one hab more *fat* dan t'odder."

If the wind blows fresh, it is called "too much saucy;" if the mill has not arrived for breakfast, it is "not ready;" and if a man be gone for a day, to a distance from home, "he lib dere."

As an illustration of this last, take my friend Mr. Johnson, who brought John, his faithful Sierra-Leone body servant, home with him to London. I called at the house his card indicated, and was told by John that Mr. Johnson did not live there. Supposing I had mistaken the residence, I inquired:

"Then you tell me where he is living?"

"He lib at Manchester," was the reply.

"Oh, indeed! at Manchester! Can you favor me with his address there?"

"Very disconcerting, very. Pray have you any idea whether he is likely to be in London again?"

"Oh, yes. Dis morning."

"This evening! And where do you think I am likely to find him?"

"Oh, you will find him here!"

"Here? Why, I understood you that he had left here, and was living at Manchester."

"Yes, dat is true. But he does not *sit down* at Manchester. He sits down *here*. When he is at home, he *lives* here, and when he is not at home he does not *live* here."

But the Sierra Leone native carries his literality still further. A friend once asked a negro from the Cape if his father were living, to which he received an affirmative reply.

"Is he very old?"

"No, sir; him old past me." Which my friend could easily believe, a father being usually older than his son.

"And what does he do?"

"Him do nothing."

"Oh, he does nothing; does he live with you?"

"No; him lib in da churchyard."

Probably a sexton, whose office is no sinecure in Sierra Leone, my friend thought. Still he asked further:

"Does he make graves?"

"Oh no," was the reply. "*Him lib in de grave—him lib underground.*"

In like manner, fowls for dinner *lib* in de pot, the sugar *libs* in the pudding, the hat *libs* upon your head, the pen with which you are writing *libs* in your hand, and your top-coat, when in use, *libs* upon your back. In short, the verb "to live" corresponds, in Sierra Leone negro-patois, with our verb "to be."

The native Liberian is even more literal than the Sierra Leone negro. I say *native* Liberian, because the American colonists are among the best specimens of the colored race, and think and speak correctly. But the native does neither. He never reasons. Inference is alien to his nature. The sage, "Obey orders if you break owners," he embodies. It would be useless, for example, to command him to "go and get the saddle." Wherever the saddle might be, he would stop, though the groom held the horse waiting at the door, unless you added, "and bring it with it." It would be equally useless to ask to "have tea served," unless you added, "and milk and sugar." And then you would have one brought after the other, unless accompanied by the request, "all at the same time," or, in their own language, "Go fetch 'em come; both two; one time!"

This patois, barbarous as it seems, is adopted by everyone on the African coast in speaking to the natives. Its idiom is peculiar. There are no particles. The words are pregnant with sententious brevity. There is something about their very nakedness that tickles the fancy, and no one ever hears the speech for the first time without laughter. In reference to something wanted, if at hand, but not of importance enough to warrant trouble, a leading Sierra Leone merchant said to the native boy he had brought with him to England:

"No go far make trouble; 'spose 'em lib dere; your eye catch 'em; fetch 'em come; both two; one time"—*i. e.*, "Do not trouble yourself; but if they are at the place indicated, and your eye catches them, bring them back with you."

Their use of the word *catch* merits notice. A traveller *catches* a town, the sun *catches* noon, children *catch* their ages, and a husband *catches* his wife. The word denotes, in their use of it, relative merit also: "Dis one *catch* past t'oder one," meaning, This is better than the other.

"Past," both as verb and adverb, does a deal of duty: "Him old *past* you." "Her handsome *past* it all." "Me here dis morning *past* before," *i. e.*, earlier than ever. "No hab *past* dat one," *i. e.*, I have no more than he.

Even when meaning to be serious, the ludicrous in the negro's language is close at hand. It is seen in the pulpit, listened to in family prayer, noticed in the government of children, and struggles to enter into the angriest contests. To an educated mind, this quick sign for the ridiculous becomes, in argument, an effective weapon. At the last session of the South Carolina Legislature, a bill for preventing railroad accidents was under consideration. Mr. Jacob Piller, the colored member from Eutaw, opposed its passage. He spoke against it. His vote, in every stage, was recorded against its passage. Lobbyists were bribed by his money to work against it. All would not do, however. The bill was certain to pass. As a last resort, he resorted to ridicule, and, at the moment before the yeas and nays were ordered, moved and carried an amendment that "when two trains collide each other approaching a junction, each should come to a full stop, and neither should start till the other had crossed the point of junction."

Professor Peters, of Hamilton College, went to Iowa to observe the eclipse. Having mounted his instruments, he distributed among some extemporized assistants the special work each was to do during the occultation. To an old negro he committed the oversight of a large poultry-yard. He was to stand still, remain speechless, keep his attention undistracted, observe how geese, turkeys, ducks and hens were each variously affected, and report at the conclusion.

"Well, Cato," asked the professor, as the turn came for the poultry-yard report, "how was it?"

"Beats de-bossil, said the negro. "When de dark come, goose squat down, turkey fly up apple-tree, and chicken run for hole in barn. Den comes back in less dan no time wid a heap. How long you knew dis ting was a-comin', 'fesser?"

"More than a year," replied the professor.

"Beats de debbil," responded Cato. "Here you, 'way in New York, knowed a year ago what dese chick'ns was gwine to do dis berry afternoon, and you nebber see de chick'ns afore nudder."

Many years since, in a country village of Massachusetts, Roberts, a colored man, on the ground of having been recently converted at a protracted meeting, came for a subscription towards an overcoat, of which he was sadly in need. A dollar was given him. Old Roxy, our fat cook, shook her head. Before spring, Roberts was arrested and convicted of larceny. When Roxy heard of it, she exclaimed, "Now, massa, you jest remember dat, and nebber gib money to any nigger wuss gets piece in de winter."

Among the gambling-houses of Washington is one of humble pretensions, standing on the banks of the canal. It is frequented by negroes only. Its rules are stringent. A colored policeman, supposed to be in the secret, is posted near by. There is rarely disorder. Faro and *vingt-et-un* are the only games. Stakes above twenty-five cents are forbidden. Ignorant of the feature of the play, a Baltimore colored man, the other night, laid a dollar on the table. It was not noticed at first, and the game went on. When Mr. Bruiser caught sight of the unlawful stake, hearing himself to his full height, and looking sternly around, he exclaimed—

"Who's dat? Who put dat dere? Take dat off de table? You s'pose a Roschild own dis bank?"

In the schools for colored children in Washington a wonderful work is going on. The school houses are thronged. Judicious and devoted teachers have charge. Attendance is punctual. There could hardly be more eagerness in the pursuit of learning. In cleanliness, neatness, diligence, and love for knowledge the children compare well with any school children in the city. A friend and visitor, an officer in the army, said jocularly to a bright-eyed mulatto girl, the other day, as he was leaving, "Now, be a good girl, Betsy, and mind that you love your teacher."

The child looked serious for a moment, in view of the strange advice, and then replied, "You must not tell this to the little snakes, for they must love their mothers, too."

[illegible]

THE SENSATION NOVEL.

The Peculiarities of Some Female Novelists.

From the Pall Mall Budget.

The art or trade of story-telling in three volumes has become a branch of industry in which the ladies are securing for themselves what is almost a monopoly. The great bulk of the so-called proportion constantly manufactured of the fiction of the day ... [illegible]

A few years ago an authoress, it will be remembered, made a hit with a scorching tale of murder and bigamy. With this work was born the type of heroine who has since served in a thousand disguises the exigencies of modern romance of a certain class. ... [illegible]

[illegible]

In alluding to modern female novelists we should carefully distinguish between the ladies whose works are a pleasure to read, although they be not of the first order, and those that outrage morals, manners, and probability, with what very such resemblance a deliberate purpose. They have nothing of such lasting and perfect stories as that of "Adam Bede" or of "Romola," there are a number of authoresses who have given proofs of a fair and honorable capacity for amusing our leisure, and whose bright and wholesome pictures would be a real loss at many a fireside. Our fear is that those ladies may be literally crushed out by their bold-faced rivals. The latter certainly muster in stronger force, and are becoming more aggressive and more brazen every month, until it is hard to conjecture at what point they will be content to stop. In truth, they have received lenient treatment from the press; they have been praised for their audacity, just as the grace and agility of those women have been praised who expose themselves in tights at the theatres and music-halls. ... [illegible]

Thackeray used to say an English author dare not describe a man in the fashion that Fielding described *Tom Jones*, or Smollett's *Count Fathom*. Patience. A little while, and our female novelists will be seen adventuring on the task. Indeed, as it is, we might indicate two or three of their performances which, if not as true to nature as those of Fielding, are quite as candid and as unblushing, and far more likely to injure an inexperienced mind by their artful prurience.

Death.

There is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go.
The waveless waters dark and deep
'Mid sullen silence downward sweep
With moanless flow.

I saw where at that dreary flood
A smiling infant, prattling, stood
Whose time had come;
Untaught of ill it neared the tide,
Sank as to cradled rest, and died,
Like going home.

Followed with languid eyes anon,
A youth diseased and pale and wan,
And there alone
He gazed upon the laden stream
And feared to plunge. I heard a scream
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength
Came bustling on till there at length
He saw life's bound.
He turned and raised a bitter prayer,
Alas, his shriek of wild despair
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore,
A being bowed with many a score
Of toilsome years;
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turned his dimming eyes and sank
Ah! full of tears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
O! Death; how hard a thing, ah! me,
Is it to die.
I mused: when to that stream again
Another child of mortal man
With smiles drew nigh.

"Tis the last pang she calmly said,
To me, oh! Death, thou hast no dread.
Savior, I come.
Spread out thine arms on yonder shore
I see; ye waters bear me o'er,
There is my home.

Infallibility.

TEXT OF THE PROPOSITION OF INFALLIBILITY.

The *Unita Cattolica* gives the text of the resolution on the infallibility of the Pope, in the form that it will be proposed, and be probably adopted:

"*To the Sacred Œcumenical Council of the Vatican:*

"The undersigned Fathers humbly and earnestly ask the Sacred Synod of the Vatican to declare in terms precise, and excluding all doubt, that the authority of the Roman Pontiff is exempt from error whenever it determines in matters of faith and morals, what the doctors are bound to believe and what ought to be rejected and condemned."

THE HUNGARIAN ON THE INFALLIBILITY DOGMA.

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

The Story of a Diver.

[illegible]

The Physical Basis of Oratory.

From the London Saturday Review.

[illegible]

TIT-BITS.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON.

A Ride for Reminiscence.

Going to the First Congress.

1789.

The Roads and the Republic as They Then Were.

Relics by the Way.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.

The mildness of the winter, the unusual hardness of the roads, and some inquiry in Congress as to how our forefathers got to their capital eighty years ago, led me recently to study up the route of George Washington, from Mount Vernon to New York, on the occasion of the installation as the President. This may be more novel than newsy; but it will help to interest you in the country between Washington and New York.--The usual ride which you must all make from the West when you visit the capital, starting late-water, crossing broad salt rivers on trestles, passing coyotes, sewage, and scrub-woods, and for much of the way seeing no town of more than a few hundred people.

By the 1st of May of that date (1789) New York was distant from Mount Vernon, two hundred and fifty miles, or about twelve miles longer than by the present railway. The journey was accomplished by Washington in a week, and few Baltimoreans regard Charlestown without scorn; but it was a settlement nearly forty years old, and rates were being erected for it, and the colonial Baltimoreans regarded it with jealous eyes. The British burnt it in 1813; but twenty years passed it was almost a town, and the opportunity of becoming the terminus of the line of rail from Philadelphia, and the ferry slip for Baltimore.

The high road between Mount Vernon and Baltimore passes over a country which is to essentials the same to our eyes and the spot that Washington beheld. For example, Prince George's County, the first of Maryland, whose territory he entered, contained, in 1860, 31,822 people; in 1870 it had 33,727. Ann Arundel, the next county northward from the one last contained, in 1860, 29,199 people; in 1870 it had no more than 29,258. Howard and Cecil Counties, traversed by the same great road north of Baltimore, have increased in respect 10 per cent, while Newcastle County, in Delaware, next above, settled by Northern Quakers, has gained 900 per cent. In Maryland, the cities of Baltimore and Washington have grown to large dimensions, but the region between them and north to the Susquehanna, which up to 1860 was at this day one of the most melancholy districts in any country. Tobacco has exhausted the soil; slavery and the proprietary system have long blistered the people; many of the rivers have partly filled up; but the hamlets and the taverns remain nearly as they were a century ago, have been replaced by bridges, and the national traveller going by on the lightning train is no longer disgusted, and the indigenes of a very ancient region in general more than in the States of the Northern sets."

FUNK.

The passage of the old road--over which the writer of the Revolutionary period--and the century

Patapsco, where they took breakfast, and began to unleash on a couple of sailing ferry boats. After a shooting and two passenger journeys by steam, they arrived at 8 o'clock of Saturday evening, where they got supper, in the house of a terrible thunder-shower, and were left to lodge at Annapolis, where he stopped at Mann's Tavern.

How closely borne to us is Washington brought by this circumstance!

The old Eastern Shore route, after having fallen into disuse for half a century, is about being revived in our time, and will become a steam ferry.

BAGDAD AND BALTIMORE.

The railway traveller of the present day between Baltimore and Philadelphia, skirting the edge of tide-water, will scarcely conceive that in the desolate region bordering the Chesapeake are the sites of what had nearly been rival cities to Baltimore. One of these was Joppa, which had passed the climax of hope twenty years before Washington passed within sight of it. It then stood on the east bank of the Gunpowder River, one mile north of the long railroad bridge, which is the terror of timid travellers, and about the same distance south of the old carriage road between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. Joppa was intended by its founders to become the commercial metropolis of Maryland, and the county buildings had been erected "there as early as 1724. Twenty years afterward, the small-pox paralyzed it, and in 1768 rapacious Baltimore became the county seat. When Washington passed it was already a deserted hamlet, and now the old Court House is a farm house, a sading amongst some ruined cellars and Saracen's trees.

The curious railway traveller, going east from Baltimore, will see in Char sinown, the second station east of the city, a considerable village presumed rival to Baltimore in the olden time. Now, there are two or three hundred people, living in grave old houses, which, when Washington was a President journey; at which he stopped to change horses. Here, also, Gen. Smallwood, with his comrades, went up to speak with him; but when they got to the door of the President's house, he was Bleeting in tears. "Matilda," she said, "I have been dreaming about my poor father, his wife, and all the white men below." Here over the door of the old tavern, the "Indian Queen," was Pocahontas, with her husband and her infant son, and the ferry slip for Baltimore.

The high road between Mount Vernon and Baltimore passes over a country which is to essentials the same to our eyes and the spot that Washington beheld. For example, Prince George's County, the first of Maryland, whose territory he entered, contained, in 1860, 31,822 people; in 1870 it had 33,727. Ann Arundel, the next county northward from the one last contained, in 1860, 29,199 people; in 1870 it had no more than 29,258. Howard and Cecil Counties, traversed by the same great road north of Baltimore, have increased in respect 10 per cent, while Newcastle County, in Delaware, next above, settled by Northern Quakers, has gained 900 per cent. In Maryland, the cities of Baltimore and Washington have grown to large dimensions, but the region between them and north to the Susquehanna, which up to 1860 was at this day one of the most melancholy districts in any country. Tobacco has exhausted the soil; slavery and the proprietary system have long blistered the people; many of the rivers have partly filled up; but the hamlets and the taverns remain nearly as they were a century ago, have been replaced by bridges, and the national traveller going by on the lightning train is no longer disgusted, and the indigenes of a very ancient region in general more than in the States of the Northern sets."

FUNK.

The passage of the old road--over which the writer of the Revolutionary period--and the century of its associations, leads is fervently to say: "Thank God that our forefathers went before us!" It would be decidedly unpleasant to be required to make the journey in the old style. Imagine, as a present day of grocer array, drunk assistants, of profanity, of delays, and of the mud, we make two-and-a-half miles an hour stages on the worst roads in the world, take to ferry boats like a native Virginian, and are submitted to the